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WEARINESS.

O, little feet, that such long years
Must wonder through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load
I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O, little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve, or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O, little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

THE RIVALS.

What a horse he was! and Abel's own, too. Ah! it was a proud day for Abel when he paid his long-hoarded two hundred and sat in his own team—a man independent of the world—in its truest sense a rich man.

Abel was in a thriving way. He owned a neat home—boasted of a neat wife—a pretty one too—and called as beautiful a girl daughter as might be found in the whole country.

Nature had been lavish of favors with Miss Nell. Indeed she had—for what accomplishments she could not boast? Ah, but I am wrong here; Nelly was no boaster. She was quiet, gentle, thoughtful, merry, rattlepated—that is, she was all these by turns, and charming in each, and Abel was deservedly proud of his daughter.

The first thing after the purchase of the fine animal was to bring it home. Arriving at his own door, wife, child and neighbors must come out to look. How beautiful he was, they all said, smoothing down its sleek sides; the most knowing ones making such suggestions as professional "cuteness" required.

"Yes; I think I needn't be ashamed of my bargain this time," said Abel, in his clear, confident voice, "Look wife," he added, in an undertone; while she quickly whispered, "I see."

A dark brown team wagon was briskly drawn along that moment by a high, whitish-gray horse, whose persevering "nid, nid, nodding," seemed to say, "I'm a sure horse and a safe one; slow, perhaps, but always to be depended on." Forward on a seat sat a strong-bodied man with a good enough face, saving that an ugly frown detracted somewhat from a usually pleasant expression. He drove as rapidly as the narrow space would admit, spitefully striking his horse, but apparently glancing neither right nor left. It might seem as though some unpleasant occurrence had thrown a veil over the happy scene. To him it seemed as if all was veiled—and so it was; darkened and blasted by the breath of envy.

"What's the matter now, Tim? What's gone wrong to day? I know something has, by that black look of yours. What's the matter with your tea?"

"Thunder take the tea!" he muttered, turning uneasily; thunder take the tea and everything else; there's Abe Saunders got a new horse on purpose to drive me out. I know it. O, if I could only compass that fellow!"

"Who, father?" asked a hearty voice, as the door opened and in walked a tall young fellow, with a face as sunny as the day had been.

The frown partly vanished as Tim met that frank, handsome face, for he felt proud of his boy, who was, he was sure, growing up an honor to him. For Tim was clerk in the neighboring city.

Again the blackness as Tim's mind reverted to his trouble:

"That confounded Abe Saunders is pushing me out of business as fast as he can." he sullenly answered.

"What has he done now, father?"

But the question was put so cheerfully that Tim felt half inclined to visit his wrath upon his son.

"Done! what is he always doing?" he growled, "Making more show, and catching more fools; lying about *me* more than likely. Wasn't my business better than his five years ago? Haven't I been running down and hasn't he been climbing up? Hasn't he bought himself a house, and a horse, and been painting his wagon? And don't his wife go to church every Sunday with brand new dresses on?"

Three weeks from that Tim had a new horse also; his wagon was painted fresh, a bright blue frock replaced his old one, and Tim made altogether a brave appearance. But that he pinched at home was too apparent. The butcher, whose cart usually stood every day before Tim's house, stopped now but three times in the week. Fresh loaves were seldom ordered from the baker's Matty, Tim's wife, staid at home from meeting because she had not a dress decent to appear at church, much less a bonnet and other essential clothing.

The truth is, Tim by his angry jealousy lost the good will of his best customers. Smarting under a supposed sense of injury, he was not slow to imputing to Abel, once his bosom friend, motives altogether strangers to that good man's breast. His hints, obscure and lightly dropped, failed of their effect; he could not injure Abel's business. Another stumbling block was his habit of tippling. Customers preferred one who could at all times be depended upon; who never reeled in his seat; whose cheeks and eyes were neither flushed nor fiery. Of Tim these things could seldom be said; and month after month his business decreased in spite of his new horse and gay wagon.

These things could not be without their result, and gradually Mrs. Fuller lost her old time healthful look.

Had her husband cared to look he would have known what her glassy eye and sinking cheek meant, but he did not. And thus it was that one day in a sudden fit of delirious fever the poor woman wandered forth from her home, she knew not where.

Heedless of her steps the poor woman tottered along, but at last a blinding vertigo seized her, she lost all consciousness and fell heavily to the ground.

Nelly Saunders sat at a side window of her father's house sewing and singing. Every few moments she would take from the folds of her dress a small miniature and look fondly at the features delineated there.

"Nelly, my child," said her mother, while the blushing girl thrust back the likeness just as her mother saw it, "Come here and look over the way. There, what does it mean? Some poor creature either tipsy or sick."

"It won't harm us to go and see," replied Nelly, her gaze growing sadly intent; "it may be somebody's mother, you know; and poor creature, even if she had been drinking——"

But Nelly was out before she had finished the sentence, across the street, and as rapidly back again.

"Mother," she cried, all out of breath, "who do you think, what do you think? it is Frank's own mother. O, dear?" and she began to cry. "It makes me feel wretchedly to see her so, for she must be very sick indeed. There don't seem to be any life in her; and she's as white, whiter than these curtains."

Mrs. Saunders hurried across with her daughter. The poor woman was slightly recovering. She raised her hand muttering:

"Don't don't, Tim, we're so poorly now," and again the head and hand dropped.

That night when Abel came home, before his quick, heavy tread sounded on the door, Nelly ran noisely forward with her finger on her lip. She led him softly into the little kitchen and pointed to the slumbering woman.

He leaned over the insensible form, and then turning to Nelly, said:

"Go after Doctor James—tell him it's a case of life and death; that woman is sicker than you or I know. Then hurry and let Tim know; he must be worried by this time, if she has been here since morning. But above all, send the doctor; she's a sick woman."

Nelly was soon in the streets, and after her mission to the doctor's, who was fortunately at home, she almost flew to Tim's little house, where she saw Frank and his father in awful anxiety. She told them all, and in a moment Frank was ready to go, but Tim stood staring at his son as though he could not or would not comprehend. After Frank had gone, however, he snatched up his hat and muttering, left the house. Notwithstanding his harshness and often ill-nature he was not without love for his wife. And though he chose to say little though he was boiling over with hate for his rival, though he swore fearfully that he would never step a foot over Abe Saunders' threshold, he could not keep his feet from that direction, but paced repeatedly by, feeling as if he should be warned in case of real danger.

Meanwhile the physician had been there, and just as Frank and Nellie arrived was leaving the house. As he passed along the street a dark-looking man in a slouched hat touched him on the arm,

"Excuse me," he said, but I thought maybe you was the doctor called to tend a woman in yonder house."

"I am," answered the physician, "what do you want of me?"

"How is the woman? Is she likely to be sick?"

"Likely to be sick!" repeated the doctor, looking at Tim; for something in the man's manner arrested his attention. "If I find her living to-morrow at sundown I shall be more astonished than I am apt to be. Why man it's congestion of the brain; she's dangerous."

Tim waited to hear no more, but walked straight up to Abe's cottage door, where Abel stood himself, with a kindly look in his honest eyes, at which Tim never looked.

"My wife is sick here. I'm sorry she's sick *here*," he said, "but we can't have everything to our liking. Where is she?"

Without saying a word Abel led Tim to his wife. Katy Saunders had passed an arm under the head of the sufferer, while with the other hand she was laving the forehead with some cooling mixture. The bed was snowy white; clean, neat curtains, looped back, where its only ornament—but over all was thrown an air of grace and puriety.

Nelly stood at the side of the bed, or rather leaning upon one elbow, the tips of her fingers buried in her beautiful cheek, slowly fanning the poor, sick creature; and upon her face was imprinted much delicate solicitude. Frank sat near, holding his mother's hand.

The whole scene nearly overcome poor Tim, especially when Nelly came noiselessly forward with a cushion and placing it in the old arm-chair, and drawing that up to the bed, beckoned him to sit down with so sweet and filial an air.

For three days they hung over what bid fair to be the death bed of Matty Fuller; but with so good a physician as kind Doctor James, and such skillful nursing as Katy's and her daughter's, the malady gave way. In a week Matty was slowly recovering.

"O, Tim, dear, seems to me I'll never be unthankful again if I rise from this," murmured the sick woman, feebly taking her husband's hand in her own. "You don't feel hard agin the Saunders' now, do you, Tim? You're a better man as I'm a better woman, I humbly hope and trust."

"Yon're a good wife, Matty," he said, chokingly, "too good for such as me; and if it's your wish that I should forget the past——"

"And mine too," said a cheerful voice, and a firm hand was laid lightly on his shoulder.

Tim sprang to his feet—one moment his mind was bitter, the next with a strong effort he held out his hand.

Abel grasped it heartily.

"God bless you," he said, with deep emotion; "we are friends once more. Come here, Kate, come here, Nelly, and witness that we forget the past—forever?" he asked, appealingly.

"Forever be it," answered Tim, solemnly; and they were rivals no longer.

"Now, friend," he added, seated himself by his side, you and I are partners; from this moment our purse is one. I shall have painted on my team Saunders & Fuller—we will live in one house, and I warrant there'll be no happier hearths than ours. And by the way," he added, as Tim shook hands over the bargain, "there is another partnership under consideration; what do you say?" and he pointed to Frank who stood in the next room, with Nelly close to his side.

Tim gave no objection. Nelly and Frank are as happy as any true-hearted couple in this wide world.

The Amusements of a Leadville Gentleman

One evening at one of the theatres a gentle amused himself by pulling the chairs from under the people who sat before him. His victims may not have appreciated the joke, but the audience did, and their roars of laughter encouraged the man to persevere. He next blew out all the lights he could reach, and nobody said him nay. Then, finding a large stove in his way, he kicked it down. This was considered quite a hit. Finally drawing a revolver, he fired into the crowd, sending a ball through the thigh of a spectator. Turning on his heel after this, he walked out unmolested into the street, and was soon lost in the crowd.

A Day at the Butts.

It was the fourth day of August, more than a hundred years ago, and the whole road between London and the little village of Harrow was thronged with people. It was hot and dusty enough that summer morning, but nobody seemed to mind in the eager scramble for the best seats; and it was not long before the little green knoll, just at the west of the London road, seemed fairly alive with spectators.

It was a lovely spot—this well-known Butts of Harrow—with its crown of tall forest trees waving like so many banners, and its tries of grassy seats terracing the slope. From time immemorial it had been the scene of annual contests in archery, and there was not a boy in Harrow School who did not look forward all the year to this fourth day of August.

When John Lyon founded the school it was made a condition of entrance, that every pupil should be furnished with the proper implements of archery; and among the school ordinances drawn up in the year 1592 there was one to the effect that every child should, at all times, be allowed bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer.

No wonder the men of those days were tall, and straight, and strong!

But hark! The church clock down in the village is striking the appointed hour. A little figure, clad in red satin from head to foot, darts, out from the thicket of trees below, and now a procession of twelve boys, some in white, some in red, and some in green satin, take their places in the open ring that has been left for the competitors. All the little archers have sashes and caps of bright-colored silk, and, looking down from the garden knoll, the whole scene is a kaleidoscope of color.

A silver arrow—the victor's prize—glitters temptingly in the sunlight: and a tall lad, who stands among the waiting twelve, bends eagerly forward to examine it.

"Just look at Percival!" whispers one little archer to his neighbor. "He's bound to get that arrow, isn't he?"

"Pooh! who cares for the arrow?" responds the other disdainfully, "It's nothing but a plaything, anyway! What I think about is winning the game, not the arrow!"

"Yes; but you see it's different with Percival!" said the first speaker. "His three older brothers, three years in succession, won the arrows while they were here at the Harrow School, and the father says Percival must win the fourth for the one empty corner in the drawing room, or he shall be ashamed to call him his son!

Just here the boys were interrupted in their talk, for the target was ready. and, at a signal, the contest began. At first, one shot after another fell quite outside the third circle that surrounded the bull's-eye, then came a shaft that glanced just to one side of the inner circle; but at last, after many fruitless attempts, the bull's-eye was fairly pierced, and the feat was greeted with a gay concert from the French horns.

Now, it so happened—at least this is one of the traditions of Harrow—that the name of this last boy was "Love," and when his arrow touched the bull's-eye a number of his school-fellows shouted high above the horns:

"*Omnia vincit Amor!*"

"Not so!" said another boy who stood close by. "*Nos non cedan us Amor!*"

And carefully adjusting his shaft, he shot it into the bull's-eye a whole inch nearer the centre than his rival.

But each boy among the twelve competitors must have his own trial shot twelve times repeated, before the final award can be given. Meanwhile a careful tally is kept, and not until the one hundred and forty-fourth arrow springs from its bow is the victor's name announced:

"Thomas Reginald Percival."

That first victory seems to have given a magic impulse to his bow, for all twelve of his arrows have pierced the charmed inner circle of the target; and now, at the head of an excited procession of boys, he is borne triumphantly from the Butts to the village. One little fellow in white satin runs far ahead, waving the silver arrow with many flourishes; and, when the school-buildings of Harrow are reached, a grand reception is given to all the neighboring country-folk.

Young Percival, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, is the hero of the evening. There are games and dancing, and all sorts of merry-making until the "wee sma" hours, but the victorians boy can think of nothing save the coveted arrow he has won. That empty corner no longer troubles his excited brain.

He has ably vindicated his right to the old family name, and henceforward, the father can point with pride to four trophies won by his four sons at the famous Butts of Harrow.

That was in 1766. In 1771 the annual shootings at Harrow were abolished; for Dr. Heath, who was then head-master of the school, thought they interfered with the boys's studies. The silver arrow prepared for the following year, 1772, was never used, but is still preserved at Harrow as a relic of the past. In the school-library may be seen one of the archer's elaborate suits, which is nearly a hundred years old; and the fourth of August, though no longer an exciting day at the Butts, is still kept as a holiday at Harrow School, and commemorated with appropriate speeches.

Useful Hints.

Drink cayenne pepper tea for cold

The most dreadful thing to put on a farm is a mortgage.

May-weed blossoms put into alcohol make a superior liniment.

In case of Ivy poisoning, bathe the parts in sweet spirits nitre.

Pure air is the most valuable, for its cost, of all our necessites.

It is better to be a tenant free from debt than to own a mortgaged farm.

Plenty of light and sun are essential to all domesticated animals as food.

For burns bind on moistened baking soda It will give prompt and permanent relief.

Rub sprains, bruises and lameness with a paste made of salt and the white of an egg.

To restore the elacticity of rubber springs, bands, etc., place the rubber bands of springs in hot water.

He who ministers cruelty to his family or animals may expect to "be paid off in his own coin" some day.

A small spoon of molasses added to buckwheat batter each morning will make the cakes temptingly brown.

Mixed husbandry is the most profitable, provided one knows just how to mix it, but unless there is judgment, experience and skill in the mixture it will not combine to profit; but, as chemists say, it will "precipitate." Then stand from under."

Royal Marriages.

The marriages of royal personages are the most prosaic affairs. When an English princess arrives at the marriageable age, Queen Victoria says to Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield, as the case may be, "By the by, how is the German Prince market just now?" The prime minister replies that "it is rather overstocked as usual, and that a good fair article of duke or archduke can be had right reasonably." Whereupon he is ordered to make out a list of marriageable Germans of royal or, at least noble birth, and to send it up to the palace the next time the messenger boy has occasion to pass that way. When the list arrives, her majesty runs it over and tries to select a name, but uniformly fails—one German name being about as unattractive as another. The result is that she finally writes to the British ambassador at Berlin to send her 1 (one) marriageable German prince, and charge freight and expenses to the contingent fund. In due time the German arrives, and is delivered at the palace door. If he is a fat prince there is generally an attempt made on the part of the queen to have the expressman bring him up to the second-story back bed-room; but hitherto the expressman has stoutly refused, asserting that his duty was done when he delivered packages or princes at the front door. In the course of the evening the queen informs her daughter that a husband for her has arrived from Germany, and that she is to marry him that day week, to which the dutiful daughter replies, "Just as you please, ma," and, beyond expressing a faint hope that the husband is good tempered, betrays no further interest in the subject. When the wedding day arrives, the marriage takes place in due and proper style, and the newly-wedded pair then begin to form an acquaintance. In other royal families the same systems prevails, with the exception that husbands or wives may be sought outside of the German market. Occasionally a king draws a prize in this matrimonial lottery, as did King Umberto when he married the most beautiful woman in Italy; but, as a rule, undesirable princesses with irregular noses are served out to regular continental husbands. Whether Alfonso has secured a desirable wife or not remains to be seen. If the Archduchess Marie Christine should turn out to be a nice girl; it would, however be a mere matter of luck. So far as Alfonso is concerned, he has not been allowed the least liberty of choice, but has had to accept the princess, whom his cabinet thought proper to select. And yet the young man is decidedly more fortunate than most persons, His first wife was a Spanish girl, and he was actually allowed some little liberty of courtship. She was the daughter of old Duke Montpensier, who, having for many years followed the profession of pretender to the Spanish throne, agreed to go out of business on condition that his daughter should marry the king. Montpensier was therefore very friendly to his intended son-in-law, and gave him every show—as a Western statesman would say. Alfonso was allowed to come every Sunday night and sit in the Montpensier's back parlor, and at 9.30 the old gentleman always went to bed, with a discretion which it could be wished that all fathers would imitate. Moreover, Aifonso and Mercedes were allowed to take moonlight walks, and it is even said that they once swung together on the front gate. Still, the young king was made to feel the burden of his rank. He was never allowed to go courting without the company of two cabinet ministers and a squadron of dragoons. It was all very well for Montpensier to go to bed af 9.30, but it availed little so long as the two cabinet ministers persistently sat in the back parlor. Perhaps they were humane men, and occasionly heard a supposititious cat in the dining room, whither they went in pretended search of her, but it is more probable that they strictly performed their duty, and sat in the back parlor with invariable and maddening persistency. Then, too, the romance of a moonlight walk must have been seriously marred by the ten dragoons that rode clanking in front of the lovers, and the ten more that came clattering behind them. As for the front gate exploit, it must have been a large gate that held a king, a princess and two cabinet ministers, and in the circumstance we can but regard the gate-swinging as a prosaic failure.

Sevres Porcelain.

The first porcelain made in France was, the production of a potter at St. Cloud. This manufacture continued for some time, and workmen from here went to Vincennes and started, under the control of the government, a factory which was not immediately successful. It soon became the property of the Ring, Foreign workmen were bribed to assist, and the manufacture was steadily improved until it outgrew its rooms in the Chatean of Vincennes, and a large building was erected for its accommodation at Sevres, where the manufacture is still continued. The King being now directly interested in the success of the factory, granted it very valuable privileges and monopolies; such as the sole right of making porcelain statuary. The King and the ladies of his court, and the richer of the nobility, gave large orders to the factory and enabled it to execute its most important works. The commercial success of the factory being thus assured, the directors devoted their energy to improving the quality of the ware, and securing the first artists to paint upon it. The secret of the composition of hard-paste porcelain had been purchased from a German workman, but as its ingredients were not known to exist in France, the knowledge remained idle until a woman discovered a bed of the clay near Limoges, and sent samples to Sevres where the manufacture was immediately taken up, and has been successfully carried on ever since. Large factories have since been started in the neighborhood of Limoges, and the porcelain manufacture is now one of the most flourishing in France. The woman who made this fortunate discovery had become almost destitute when she was relieved by a government pension.

Hard-paste porclain soon became the leading manufacture of the factory, and making the old soft-paste was discontinued in 1804 and only recently resumed. Under the direction of Alexander Brogniart, who remained in office under all forms of government from 1800 until his death in 1847, the whole attention of the factory was devoted to the production of hard-paste porcelain, which was produced in styles, sizes and colors never before attempted. Vases of gigantic size, and plaques four feet by three, were painted by such artists as Berranger, Constantine, Georget, Langlace and LeGuay, either in original designs, or with copies of the works of Raphael, Van Dyck, Rubens and others of the great masters. Since the death of Brogniart, the directors of the Sevres factory have been Ebelman, Regnault and Robert.

The marks used on Sevres china are quite numerous, and sesve to show very accurately the period of production. Thus we have the two L's interlaced, the monogram of the King, used on the earliest porcelain of Vincennes, and also at Sevres, with the addition of letters to give the date, as: A, 1753, B, 1754, C, 1755, AA, 1778, etc., down to 1792, when the word Sevres, with the monogram R. F., *Republique Francaise*, was adopted, and until 1800. During the two years the R. F. was dropped, and then the changing marks begin to shadow the rise in the fortunes of Napoleon; Manufacture Nationale de Sevres, in 1803. M. Imp'le de Sevres, 1804 to 1809, and from 1809 to 1814, the imperial eagle and the crown, surrounded by the words, Manufacture Imperial Sevres, were used.

The interlaced L's came in with Louis XVIII; the interlaced C's, sometimes inclosing an X, sometimes covered by a crown, mark the short reign of Charles X.

With Louis Phillippe, the fleur-de-lis was introduced, but he soon replaced it with his monogram, which was in turn displaced by the old cipher of the republic.

At first Louis Napoleon used the eagle, then the crowned N., but the most familiar mark on modern Sevres china, is the letter S and tne date of the century, enclosed in an oval and printed in pale green. This mark has been in use since 1848 on all pieces in addition to the other marks named. China that was sole white, without being decorated has this mark cut through by a fine wheel, removing the glaze and plainly indicating the character of the piece. These pieces are often decorated in the Sevres styles, and makes very good copies, but no one need be deceived as to their character since the mark plainly betrays. A more successful trick is to take fully marked Sevres with a plain, cheap decoration, and removing this, put in its place some very elaborate Sevres decoration, thus giving to the whole the character and authority of real Sevres work. Such a forgery as this is almost impossible to detect if the work is well done.

Since July, 1872, there has been used on Sevres porcelain, as an additional guarantee of the genuineness of the decoration the monogram R. F., enclosed in a circle with the date, and the words *Dore a Sevres or Decore a Sevres.*

As to the beauty of Sevres china compared with the production of the other continental potteries, opinions differ. It is, so largely a matter of taste, and our tastes are so affected by education and surrounding, that on the question of relative merits of different specimens or schools of art, the best of critics differ. But there are certain points which generally admitted, and which may aid in forming a judgment on such a question.

The Dresden porcelain, as porcelain, is superior to any other Occidental variety, in hardness, purity and strength. But the Sevres pate-tendre is as much in advance in the delicate softness of its glaze which absorbs the colors and gives them an unequalled depth and lustre, while on the pate-dur the colors remain fixed on the surface and do not sink in. The Sevres painting is concededly superior in several departments to the Dresden, and, although the English artists have made great progress in the past few years, both in flower, figure and landscape painting, and may in the near future become successful rivals, the Sevres factory still retains its artistic and technical supremacy.

A Texas Vendetta.

In a neighborhood four or five miles west of Hempstead and near the Brazos, Texas, in the midst of rich lands, fertile plantations and wealthy farmers, there are and have for a long time been two prominent and leading families—the Loginses and the Morrises. The former is probably the most numerous, about 150 persons belonging to the connection in different parts of the State. A number of the family have heretofore resided near Hempstead, and in the same neighborhood with the Morrises. Some of them were related to the former by marriage. Both families were in fact mixed up. Some time during 1877 Thomas Loggins for a time found it necessary to be absent from his residence in the midst of a large plantation. His absence was not only somewhat prolonged, but indefinite, and he suddenly returned to his home to find his cousin—one of the Morrises—in his house, and in close proximity to his wife, Mrs. Loggins. The enraged husband, in true Texan style, drew his revolver, and leveling it at the head of the Lothario, drew trigger, but the cap burst and the barrel failed to fire. Morris arose and fled through a back door into the fields and escaped, Loggins, finding that he could not "get his man," shot down Morris' horse, which he found hitched at the gate. After this Morris fled the country. Loggins threatened that if ever they met the disturber of their domestic peace must die. A short time ago Morris returned, and, hearing of the threats, armed himself with a double-barrelled shot gun and proceeded to waylay Loggins as the latter rode out of Hempstead on his return to his home. He was accompanied by a friend, and as they approached a large post-oak tree near a fence, Morris sprang from behind it, raised the gun and shot Loggins dead. Some of the Loggins' connection swore vengeance at the time, and shortly afterward Reuben Loggins, his son Henry, and a nephew, Wilford Loggins, held a consultation, at which it was determined to avenge the death of their kinsman. The bloody resolve was faithfully carried out. Reuben was riding home not long since from Hempstead. As he was passing through a long lane in the Loggins' plantation, and just as he entered an old gin-house, he was suddenly confronted by "old man" Reuben Loggins and the two young men mentioned, who deliberately shot him off his horse, he falling to the ground a corpse.

Flour.

Here are a few good rules worth remembering when one has occasion to select flour for family use. Of course the color is of prime importance. If it is white, with a yellowish colored tint, buy it. If it is white, with a bluish coat or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little bit of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

He Wanted Big Words.

"I want to see the man who writes the editorials for this paper," said an individual who looked like a cross between a country store clerk and a job preacher. "I mean your regular big gun, your sledge hammer heavy weight, so to speak. The one who writes those thick, solid leaders that nobody can understand. Them kind with four syllables in 'em, you know."

"Well, sir," said the editor-in-chief, laying down his pen and shutting up a big dictionary, "what can I do for you?"

"Why," replied the stranger, as he took out a twenty and laid it on the desk, "I want you to give me the worth of that in big words—regular jaw-breakers; just the toughest old tooth-looseners you can get up for the money."

"You don't want them for some other paper?" said the editor, suspiciously.

"Oh, no, not at all. Let me explain. You see, I belong to one of the debating societies up in Marysville. Of course, we haven't got much city style up there, but we manage to make a good deal of noise sometimes."

"Shouldn't wonder," said the editor.

"We have some mighty lively debates, I can tell you. "Well, the other day they got up a sort of chin tournament between the two societies. The question was: 'Resolved, That bedbugs do not bite China men.' Magnificent subject, now, wasn't it?"

"Has considerable bearing on the future of the State, I admit," said the moulder of public opinion, screwing up the shears.

"Well, you see, we were just walking right away from the other fellows, who had the affirmative, when a new member of their crowd—a fellow just up from the city—got up and said he was satisfied the bedbug *didn't* bite the Chinaman because if it did the result would be—let's see; I've got it down here on a piece of paper. "Oh, yes!—instantaneous pyroligneous asphyxiation."

"What did he mean?"

"I don't know—nobody know. That's just what's the matter. It knocked all our fellows perfectly cold—just paralyzed the entire crowd. We hadn't another word to say, and the opposition society carried the day and went home grinning like watermelons with our slice out."

"That was annoying."

"You bet it was. Just think of the meanness of that cuss to spring a couple of words like that right on a Marysville audience. Why it was terrible. Of course we did the best we could to get even. Well, the next Saturday we had another strong subject; 'Resolved, That compelling hens to drink hot water will cause them to lay hard-boiled eggs.' So I braced up and said that I once had a game rooster that died of curvilinear cantogas plotobia."

"That ought to have extinguished them."

"Well, it did for a moment, you better believe. Their crowd turned white around the gills for a moment, but when our fellows had done cheering, that same fellow—his name is Guffersrn, and he used to be some sort of a professor once, I hear—that same fellow got up and said that, while he largely coincided with the gentleman who had just sat down, probably the most serious obstacle in the way of utilizing orthinological intelligence was the tendency of the species toward hysterialarnyxia pologolomencaughemia,"

"Great Scott?"

"You may well say so. Of course that just knocked us square off our pins—wilted us right down—and the audience decided for the opposition side without taking a vote. I believe that if Gufferson hadn't gone home that night escorted by Bill Stokes—that's our police force, you know—some of our members would have assassinated him."

"I should think assassinations would be very multitudinous down your way."

"Multitudinous—that's no slouch of a word. Just let me take it down. Yes, it was a regular Waterloo defeat for our club. So the next day they subscribed twenty dollars and the expenses of a committee of one to come right down to 'Frisco and get hold of a lot of words calculated to make coal rattle in the cellar when they are left off, and to cause that Gufferson to wish he'd never been born. Now, come, what can you do for me? Dern the expense."

And as the managing editor has taken a day off and lugged home the office "Verbal Roots," we confidently advise our subscribers at Marysville to take to the foot hills before the commissioner returns. Property will be very cheap in that section shortly, if our editor knows himself.

Rules of Conduct.

Never betray a confidence.

Never leave home with unkind words.

Never give promises that you do not fulfill.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

Never send a present hoping for one in return.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story.

Never make much of your own performances.

Never pick the teeth nor clean the nails in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question

Never present a gift saying, it is no use to yourself.

Never call attention to the features or form of another.

Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

Never question a servant or child about family matters.

Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.

Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

Never associate with bad company, have good company or none.

Never, when traveling abroad be over boastful of your own country.

Never look over the shoulder of an other who is reading or writing.

Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.

Never answer questions in general company, that have been put to others.

Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Better cut the tongue out entirely than not to govern it.

There is nothing terrible in death but that our life hath made it so.

All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.

There can be no peace in human life without the contempt of all evil.

When a man has forfeited his integrity, nothing else will serve his turn.

Wisdom is a pedestal from which envy or malice cannot hurl the occupant.

The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have a great amount of virtue.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

Despair gives the shocking ease to the mind that mortification gives to the body.

Physical force, moral force, and the police force, are what keep the world going.

Mankind thirsts a hundred-fold more for wealth than it will ever hunger after righteousness.

The uses of adversity may possibly be very sweet, and yet no one wishes to find out what they are.

The readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

You must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when it walks.

Death, to the Christian, is the funeral of all his sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all his joys.

To be wise is to feel that all that is earthly is transient, and to experience misfortune is to become wise.

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning as the injudicious praise of our friends.

If we grieve the spirit of God by our lightness, wordiness or presumption, we do but fill our own cup with wormwood and gall.

He that has really felt the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Sensibility is like the stars; they can lead only when the sky is clear, Reason is the magnetic needle when the skies are wrapt in darkness.

There is this difference between hatred and pity: Pity is a thing often avowed, but seldom felt; hatred is a thing often felt, but seldom avowed.

Be careful not to interrupt another man when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will hear him better, and be able to give him a better answer.

Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning, and these three last have never converted any one unless they were kind also.

Man is physically as well as metaphysically a thing of shreds and patches borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.

Men talk too much about the world. Each one of us is here, let the world go as it will, and be victorious or not victorious- has he not a life of his own to lead?

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full and when there is no moon.

In the dark we are most apt to be frightened; the clearer sight we have of the sovereignty and power of heaven, the less we shall fear the calamities of this world.

The violet in the shadow of the deep woods is as lovely and fragrant and precious as the violet in the conservatory of an avenue palace. Real value is not to be measured by notoriety.

One of the illustrations is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone up to heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hand." Happy he, whatever he may leave or may not leave, on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.

He who has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than of him who begs his daily bread.

—The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself, is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections and powers, lean toward God, or away from him?"

Be more prudent for your children than perhaps you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.

Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all.

Perfections of the body are nothing compared to the excellent qualities and endowments of the mind. For those are but the varnishes and shadows of a mere man, but these are the perfections and excellences of a wise man, since wisdom is an essential part of nobility.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23., 1879.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square....	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column....	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column....	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column....	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER, Publishers.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. F. Deininger, Preacher-in-charge.—Preaching next Sunday morning.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—Protracted meeting in progress.

Sunday School, 1 P. M.—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Pastor.—Missionary services as follows: At St. Paul's at 8½ o'clock in the morning, at Aaronsburg at 11, A. M., and at Salem's 3 o'clock, P. M. Rev. Dr. Appel is expected to be present at each service. Collections for Missions.

United Brethren.

Rev. John Landis, Preacher-in-charge.—

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—Pastor Tomlinson will be absent next Sabbath to assist in the dedication of the Loop church.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—B. O. Deininger, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 365, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. E. A. BUEHLER, Sec. R. B. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn Street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec. J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,

HON. DANIEL O. BARR,

OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

Jury Commissioner—JOHN SHANNON.
Coroner—DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

Democratic Meetings

will be held in this end of the county, as follows:

Hosterman's School House, Haines township, Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th, 1879. Will be addressed by J. L. Spangler and C. M. Bower, Esqs.

Madisonburg, Tuesday evening, Oct. 28., 1879. Hon. C. T. Alexander and W. C. Heinle, Esq., will address this meeting.

Brungard's School House, Miles township, Wednesday evening, Oct. 29th, 1879. Speakers, J. L. Spangler and W. C. Heinle, Esqs.

Penn Hall, Wednesday evening, Oct. 29th, 1879. Hon. C. T. Alexander and ——, will address this meeting.

Union School House, Gregg township, Thursday evening, Oct. 30th, 1879. Hon. S. R. Peale, and Hon. C. T. Alexander will be present to speak.

Millheim, Friday evening, Oct. 31st, 1879. Hons. S. R. Peale and C. T. Alexander will address the meeting.

The latest Figures from Ohio.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 15.—9:25 P. M.—Few additional figures have been received here to-day by either of the committees, but the Republican committee, after gathering the returns from various sources, report to-night that according to their figures Foster's majority will be somewhere near 17,000. It will take full official figures, which cannot be obtained for some days, to decide definitely what the exact majority will be. It was reported this morning that Mounts, Republican candidate for Senator in the Butler-Warren district, had been defeated by one vote, but this afternoon the Republican committee were notified that he has been elected by twelve majority. This gives the Republicans 22 Senators and the Democrats 15. According to the best figures obtainable the Republicans have elected 70 members of the lower house.

Returns from 84 out of the 88 counties give Foster, Republican, for Governor, 19,027 majority. The other counties will make it 20,000.

The Republican Victory in Iowa.

DES MOINES, Oct. 15.—Election returns received here to-day do not change the totals from the figures and estimates of the Republican State central committee as sent last night. Governor Gear's majority over all his competitors will be 25,000. His majority over Trimble, Democrat, will be about 80,000, and over Campbell, Greenbacker, about 105,000. In the Legislature 26 of 29 Senators elected this year are Republican, and 83 out of 100 members of the House.

If the people have not made up their minds that the elections should be free from federal control, the present campaign should aid in opening their eyes. For the past month the president, the general of the army, the members of the cabinet, several foreign ministers, and many others holding high positions under the federal government, have devoted their attention almost exclusively to political partisan work, with a view of retaining the political control of some of the pivotal states. To aid in the work, the one hundred thousand employees of the government have been assessed upon their salaries to raise funds to control the elections. Syndicate banks have been favored in the sale of government bonds, and have without doubt returned Sherman's favors by liberal contributions. In addition to this the republican leaders demand that the polls shall be under the control of federal marshals supported by federal bayonets. The strides towards a condition of affairs in which a President can dictate his own successor, or that he shall have no successor during *his* lifetime, are both long and rapid.—*Altoona Sun.*

More Worship.

There is but one object of the "Grant boom;" it is the restoration of the Grant regime. All the lionizing hero-worshipping of which elaborate and fulsome accounts have been published every day since the Grants landed at San Francisco are only the performance of a precencerted programme. The Grant ring-leaders have shown themselves shrewd judges of human nature. The people, they said to themselves, is an ass. It is the nature of this ass to be an idolater, and the mode of idolatry to which the nature of this ass is most inclined is that called hero-worship.—*Chicago Times.*

Grant and Sherman.

What two more vulnerable men in the Republican party are there than Grant and Sherman? The Republican party itself was sick of Grant's last term, and his re-nomination in 1876 was out of the question. Have four years obliterated the memory of a thousand crimes against civil liberty and public morality? Sherman has the confidence of nobody. He cannot excite enthusiasm in his own party, hardly receive the general respect of his own partisans. He is selfish. No country was ever cursed with a worse political hypocrite. So that in the case of the nomination of either Grant or Sherman, the Democrats will receive the material for a most vigorous campaign, with the indications of success clearly defined.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Lamar comes out for Bayard.

Senator Lamar expresses himself as decidedly in favor of all internal improvements likely to benefit the South. Touching the Presidential question, he strongly favors Senator Bayard, of Delaware, and through such a source only does he hope for a vindication of Republican principles. He deplores the Yazoo affair.—*Vicksburg Dispatch in N. Y. Herald.*

Massachusetts for Bayard.

Against any but the Republican candidates Massachusetts is a Bayard State. The Worcester Democrats, representing an overwhelming majority of the Democratic voters of this Commonwealth, show hard sense in choosing Bayard delegates. The first gun of the Presidential campaign within the Democratic party is a salute to Bayard.

That useless fifth wheel and political hybrid, Postmaster General Key, no doubt thinks he must sometimes pretend to do a little business in order to make a show of earning his salary, and so he issues "orders" how people are to direct their letters. Mr. Key is however very unfortunate with his "orders," for the good reason that they are in themselves the very height of nonsense and absurdity. Some time ago all letters in the New York post office directed to Philadelphia, were held by order of Mr. Key as "misdirected." They should have been addressed to *Philadelphia, Pa.* Naturally enough tons of letters soon accumulated and the foolish order had to be rescinded. Again does our fraudulent Postmaster General prove that he is determined to make a fool of himself by the shortest and most direct route possible. He amends his "order" and makes it infinitely more absurd than it was before. Now the proper county must be mentioned on the letter. For instance if you wish to inform your friend in Philadelphia that you are "well at present, hoping that these few lines may find him in the same state of health," you must address him about thus: Mr. John Cousin, Philadelphia city, Philadelphia county, state of Pennsylvania, (U. S.)

But if people don't know the counties in which certain cities are situated? Why they must study Geography, thats all. So, after all, the "order" works for the diffusion of knowledge, even if it is a little clumsy in practice.

There is still one objection to Mr. Key's "order," namely this: That under his own rule no letter could ever reach him, because Washington city has no county, that is it is not situate in any county. How will the poor, illiterate, backwoods post master do to get in his quarterly report? Guess a certain address which we recently saw in a western exchange, and which struck us as original and funny, will soon become universal. It ran thus: *meester postmastir, ginrel Kee, washington City. deestrick Kolumby county. uknighted Staids.*

Last Sunday evening while in church we involuntarily came to the conclusion that it was a real pity to mar an otherwise excellent sermon by making a point of Gen. Grant and lauding him as one of the great men of the World's history. Grant is no great man in any current sense of the word. Nobody thinks so. The sober judgment of the people has settled that matter completely. As a military chieftain he had at least half a dozen equals if not superiors, while to call him a statesman, or even a piece or fragment of a statesman ought to subject the person that does it to a prosecution for libel. In one sense however, may Grant be called great. His was pre-eminently the administration of great corruption, great ring-rule, great stealing, great good-for-nothingness generally. In every and all of these Grant excelled everything before him and since.

If Grantism is to be ladled out from the pulpit it would be but fair to give notice of the fact beforehand, so that people who want none of it in theirs might "govern themselves accordingly."

The old but incongruous firm of Politics & Religion don't work well, and ministers ought to know it by this time.

Great men have their little faults as well as other common humanity, else how could two such great men as John Sherman and Gen. Garfield be jealous of each other—yes, real mad at each other, because of the Ohio Senatorship. Each wants the office and but one can get it. However it makes no difference to us which of the two gets it, only we would hereby most kindly and respectfully inform the people of Ohio, if they didn't know it before, that it would require at least a dozen Shermans with about a score of Garfields thrown in to make up the equivalent, *intellectually*, of one Allen G. Thurman.

Newspaper Patronage.

There seems to be a great many ways of defining and understanding the phrase "newspaper patronage," and as a party interested in a correct definition of the same, we give the following disquisition on the subject by one who knows whereof he speaks. It may serve, perhaps, as a mirror, in which certain parties may be able to see themselves as others see them.

Experience has forced the conviction upon us that newspaper patronage is a word of many definitions, and that a great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition or are dishonest in a strict biblical sense of the word. Newspaper patronage is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man comes in, subscribes for a paper, pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it with profound satisfaction that it is his. He hands in his advertisement, and reaps the advantage thereof. This is patronage.

Another man asks you to send him the paper, and goes off without saying a word about the pay. Time passes on, you are in need of money and ask him to pay the sum he owes you. He flies in a passion, perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped. This is called patronage.

One man brings in a fifty-cent advertisement and wants a two-dollar puff thrown in, and when you decline, he goes off mad. Even this is called patronage.

Another man don't take your paper. It is too high-priced; but he borrows and reads it regularly, and that could be called newspaper patronage.

One man likes your paper; he takes a copy, pays for it and gets his friends to do the same; he is not always grumbling to you or others but has a friendly word. If an accident occurs in his section he informs the editor. This is newspaper patronage.

One hands you a marriage, or other notice, and asks for extra copies containing it; and when you ask him pay for the papers, he looks surprised, and says, "You surely don't take pay for such small matters?" This is called patronage.

One (it is good to see such) comes in and says: "The year for which I paid is about to expire; I want to pay for another." He does so and retires. This is newspaper patronage.

It will be seen by the above that while certain kinds of newspaper patronage are the very life of a newspaper, there are other kinds more fatal to its health and circulation than the coils of a boa constrictor are to the luckless prey he patronizes.—*Exchange.*

Zach. Chandler is beginning to tell people "confidentally" that Grant will be the Republican candidate for President. Zacharias seems to know. May the Lord have mercy should the Chandler *type* of statemen again get control of the Government. But one thing might as well be understood from the beginning. Neither Grant or any other man will take the Presidential chair unless *elected*.

The Democrats don't need Ohio at all to elect their candidate for President. Hayes carried that state in 1876 and yet was defeated. The Republicans in carrying Ohio simply held their own as far as that state is concerned. Nobody expected anything else, and so nobody is disappointed. That's all.

The one important thing for the Democracy to do is to get every vote out. See to it Democrats that you not only vote yourselves but that your Democratic neighbor does so too. With a full vote success is our *sure*.

Outrages by Georgia Outlaws.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 18.—A special to the *Chronicle* states that the accounts of the deeds of outlaws in the eastern portion of Baldwin county are greatly exaggerated, but the truth reveals a bad state of affairs. There are about a dozen men in the band, and the trouble is personal not political. The outlaws have committed outrages on several persons. They burned the gin and cotton houses and fodder stacks of Dr. Robsen for the pupose of drawing him out of his house in order to shoot him. They killed a negro for reporting them to the grand jury of Baldwin county. They burned the tannery and barns of Lake Robinson; they whipped a colored woman and her daughter in Hancock county. They have taken refuge in the swamps of Oconee and Ogechee. The grand jury of Hancock Co., now in session, have investigated the outrages and are determined to bring the perpetrators to justice. The people of Hancock county are aroused and indignant at the outrages, and express a determination not only to protect white and black from further outrage, but to inflict summary justice on the perpetrators. Judge Pottle, presiding judge, will vindicate the majesty of the law throughout his circuit.

NOTICE.—Nancy A. Rothrock, Thomas Rothrock, John Rothrock, Anna E. Rothrock, and Henry J. Rothrock, Plaintiffs. vs. David Rothrock, defendent. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. In Equity. No. 243 April 3., 1879.

The undersigned, master, appointed by the said Court, to take the testimony of the parties and report the same with a decree, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of performing the duties of his appointment, at his office in the borough of Bellefonte, on Thursday the 20th day of November, A. D. 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

C. M. BOWER, Master.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of David Auman, late of Penn Township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons, knowing themselves indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment, and all those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WILLIAM AUMAN, 6t Administrator.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans Court of Centre County. In the matter of the Estate of Jacob Stover, late of Harris township, said county, deceased.

The undersigned, appointed by the said Court to distribute the fund in the hands of the administrators of the said decedent, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest, for the purpose of performing the duties of his said appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte on Tuesday, the 28th day of October, A. D. 1879 at 10 o'clock A. M.

C. M. BOWER, Auditor.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—Will be sold at public sale, on the premises and at the late residence of Abraham Reber, dec'd, in Miles twp., on FRIDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1879, A No. 1 Farm near Spring Bank, adjoining lands of John Kreamer, S. K. Faust and others containing 163 acres and 143 perches, about 100 acres cleared, the balance well timbered; thereon erected a good Dwelling House, bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings. The buildings and fences are in good condition, and the land in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the finest and most desirable farms in Brush valley, convenient in all respects and of easy access to the Rail Road. There are two orchards of choice fruit, waterpipes close to door and barn, plenty of lime stone and a lime kiln on the premises.

Also three and three-fourths lots in the town of Madisonburg, thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Stable and other outbuildings; apple orchard and other necessary fruit on premises.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., of said day when terms will be made known.

THOMAS HOSTERMAN, GEORGE E. ZEHNER, } Trustees.

A GOOD HOME FOR SALE.—The old homestead of the late Capt. Henry Smith, situate in Penns Valley, midway between Millheim and Spring Mills, half a mile north of the turn-pike road, and 2½ miles from the rail road, containing in all 180 acres, more or less, is now offered at private sale on reasonable terms. About 80 acres of timberland, on Brush mountain, easy of access, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The remaining 100 acres, of which 85-40 acres are cleared and under cultivation, and at least as much more can be cleared, will be sold together.

There are two dwelling houses, a good bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises. A fine, never-failing spring, is convenient to house and barn. A large variety of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c., are also on the ground. Altogether it is a very desirable home, and will be sold at a bargain to parties who will apply soon. Further information can be obtained on the premises. For terms apply to

REV. S. SMITH. Buffalo X Roads, Union county, Pa. tf

PENSIONS!

procured for soldiers disabled in U. S. service by reasons of wounds and other causes.

All pensions date back to day of discharge. Pensions increased. Address with stamp,

STODDART & CO., 42-4 No. 913 E St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

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Battle Creek, Mich.

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

"VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beyond all rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.



STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Traction, with Valuable Improvements, far beyond any other make or kind.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous wastage of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once posted on the difference.

NOT Only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the ONLY Successful Thresher of Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "VIBRATOR" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.



MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes Clean Work, with no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, Ranging from Six to Twelve-Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

FOR Particulars, Call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

VICTORIOUS!

HIGHEST & BEST AWARD

And Grand Medal of Honor.

Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work,

Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated

Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,

MADE BY

A. P. DICKEY,

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Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand; cleaning all kinds of Grain, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by once handling. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They Chaff perfectly, and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.



Warehouse, as well as Farm Mills, are largely constructed, both kinds requiring nine sizes to accommodate the demand, and giving a capacity of from 50 to 500 bushels per hour, according to size of mill.

They are shipped, boxed for ocean transportation, and "set up" or "knocked down" for forwarding inland, as requested; and in all cases put free on board Cars or Steamer. Orders filled same day as received.

Mills shipped "knocked down" go for half the freight charged as when forwarded "set up." Cuts, Photographs and Circulars supplied on application. Prices will be quoted *low* and on liberal terms. Correspondence solicited.



Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the

Taylor & Farley CABINET ORGAN,

BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN.

NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL.

NOTHING SHODDY, AND PRICES LOW.

MANUFACTORY AT WORCESTER, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1846.



HIGHEST HONORS

AT THE

Centennial World's Fair, 1876!

THE

SHONINGER ORGANS

PRONOUNCED UNANIMOUSLY AS THE

BEST INSTRUMENTS.

Their comparative excellence is recognized by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:

"The B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'S exhibit as the best Instruments at a price rendering them possible to a large class of purchasers, having a combination of Reeds and Bells, producing novel and pleasing effects, containing many desirable improvements, will stand longer in dry or damp climate, less liable to get out of order, all the boards being made three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to either shrink, swell or split." THE ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS RANK.

This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.

New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.

We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed, post-paid, on application to

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97 to 123 CHESTNUT STREET,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT

EUREKA MOWER,



THE LIGHTEST DRAFT MOWER.
THE CHEAPEST MOWER.
THE LARGEST MOWER.

THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Eureka is superior to any side-cut machine I ever used or ever saw in use. HARRIS LEWIS, President of New York Dairymen's Assn.

The curing of the grass cut with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the side-cut machines. GEORGE W. HOFFMAN, President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.

The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no side-cut mower that can compare with it in any respect. V. E. PIOLLET, State Grange Lecturer, Wyoox, P.

The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open to the sun and wind ready for drying, puts the Eureka far ahead of any machine I ever used. B. LAPORTE, Asylum, Pa.

Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

THE GREAT

BEE HIVE



DRY GOODS STORE

LOCK HAVEN.

The Largest Dry Good & Carpet House in Central Pennsylvania

has just received its second immense Stock of Goods for the Fall and Winter of 1879, which is now perfectly complete and will be sold cheaper than any other House can sell first-class Goods, on account of the great advantages of purchasing in large quantities.

We are now offering

5000 yards good style Dark Calicoes, warranted fast colors at 4 cents a yard.
2000 yards good quality Cotton Flannel at 6¼ cts. a yard.
Good Grey Twilled Flannel at 12½ cts. a yard.
Red All Wool Flannel at 12½ cts. a yard.
Good Twilled Towling, 16 inches wide at 6¼ cts. a yard.
2500 yards Dress Goods in Beautiful Styles at 8, 10 & 12½ cts., worth 12½, 15 & 18 cts.—A Great Bargain.
The largest stock of All Wool Cashmeres in Black, and all the new colors.
All Wool Satteens and the Beautiful Brocade Momil Cloths and every other conceivable new thing in Dress Goods.
Silks, Silk Velvets, Conderoys in the Handsomest Patterns ever shown in this city.
An Immense Stock of Men's & Boys' Cassimers.
Plaid, Fancy and Grey Flannels, White and Grey Blankets.
Shawles in all the new patterns.
Ladies' ready made Coats and Coating.
Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's and Boys' Under Shirts and Drawers.
Stockings, Gloves, New Style Fringes, &c. surpassing any former stock in this city.
10,000 yards Bleached and Unbleached Muslins at old prices.
Great Bargains in Floor Oil Cloths, Carpets, Cotton Batts, &c.

We can only enumerate a few things in this advertisement of the immense stock we keep, a great deal of which was bought months ago to take advantage of the rise, which we now sell at old prices. We aim to keep only first-class goods and sell a great many on a very small profit Don't fail to call and see the great advantages we offer. It will pay you. Remember the place,

THE GREAT BEE HIVE DRY GOOD HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN,

J. J. EVERETT, Proprietor.

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of SCHOOL OFFICE and CHURCH FURNITURE, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES.

FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS.

N. B.—We can send Materials to Coburn or Spring Mills at cheap freights. 25-ly

CHEAPEST AND BEST!

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS!

☞ A SUPPLEMENT *will be given in every number for* 1880, *containing a full-size pattern for a lady's, or child's dress. Every subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns, worth more, alone, than the subscription price.* ☜

"PETERSON'S MAGAZINE" contains, every year, 1000 pages, 14 steel plates, 12 colored Berlin patterns, 12 mammoth colored fashion plates, 24 pages of music, and about 900 wood cuts. Its principal embellishments are

SUPERB STEEL ENGRAVINGS!

Its immense circulation enables its proprietor to spend more on embellishments, stories, &c. than any other. *It gives more for the money, and combines more merits, than any in the world.* In 1880, a NEW FEATURE will be introduced in the shape of a series of

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

ITS TALES AND NOVELETS

Are the best published anywhere. *All the most popular writers are employed to write originally for "Peterson."* In 1880, FIFE ORIGINAL COPYRIGHT NOVELETS will be given, by Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Frances Hodgson Burnett, &c., &c., and stories by Jane G. Austin, by the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," by Rebecca Harding Davis, and all the best female writers.

Mammoth Colored Fashion Plates

Ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, TWICE THE USUAL SIZE, and are unequalled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household and other receipts; articles on "WAX-WORK FLOWERS," "Management of Infants;" in short everything interesting to ladies.

TERMS (Always in Advance) $2.00 A YEAR.

☞ UNPARALLELED OFFERS TO CLUBS. ☜

2 Copies for $3.50 } With a copy of the premium picture (24x20) *a costly steel-engraving*, "WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE," to the person getting up the Club.
3 Copies for $4.50 }

4 Copies for $6.50 } With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1880, as a premium, to the person getting up the Club.
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CHARLES J. PETERSON,

306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1879.

P. C. DEININGER, - - - EDITOR.

R. A. MILLER, - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Local Department.

—Chestnuts are worth $1.50 a bushel in Snyder county.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

—There will be a Greenback-meeting held to-night at Woodward. Hon. Seth Yocum is to speak.

—Jas. C. Smith constructed a first-class brick pavement in front of his residence this week.

—The law firm of J. Merrill Linn and A. H. Dill, of Lewisburg, is dissolved by mutual consent.

—A splendid private residence with the good will of a medical practice for sale. For particulars apply at this office. tf.

—Rev. Simon Wolf, of Lewisburg, has accepted a Reformed pastorate in Blair county and has recently taken charge of it.

—The M. E. Church, of Lewisburg, cleared about $100 in running the boarding house at the Union county fair.

—The *Watchman* chap saw a lady in the Tyrone depot, the other day, that weighed 720 pounds. Whew, that's a whopper—the lady, we mean.

—Don't overlook Mrs. Weaver's advertisement—don't forget her Grand Fall & Winter Opening, on Wednesday the 29th, but go and see latest fashionable styles.

—To-morrow (Friday), G. R. Spigelmyer, Woodward's enterprising merchant will begin his big clearance sale at prices lower than the lowest. Go if you want cheap goods.

—We are informed that the Town Council sent out special notices to some of the residents on Penn Street, giving them 30 days time to construct sidewalks, otherwise the borough will make them.

—On the 15th of November the heirs of John Frank, will offer the property of the decedent, situate near Aaronsburg, at public sale. This will afford a fine chance for any one who desires a small home near a town.

—The big law suit now on trial in Bellefonte, will likely continue all week yet. The title to a tract of land containing over 900 acres, is involved. Hon. W. A. Wallace, Hon. Geo. A Jenks, of Brookville, Pa., are the leading lawyers in the case.

—At last the long-desired rain came. Friday evening and Saturday the skies unlocked their long-closed pores and sent down copious, refreshing rains. Much more is needed, of course, but Providence will send it in His own good time.

—A man named Reese, out in Clearfield county, of whom the world is hardly worthy, presented Bender, the Philipsburg *Journal* man with a basket of grapes and apples. Bender was so overcome by such a rare act of charity that he wept for joy. Poor fellow! he has our warmest sympathies.

Ex. Deininger, of the Millheim *Journal*, made Lewisburg a business visit one day last week. Fat and rosy-looking as ever.—*Telegraph, Oct. 15th.*

Brother Deininger didn't do any such thing last week—not since the Harvest Home picnic. What's the matter with your eyesight? Thought you had signed the pledge.

—The Union county S. S. convention will hold its seventh annual session at Laurelton, Oct. 29th to 31st. The programme as published in the Mifflinburg *Telegraph* is comprehensive, embracing a wide range of practical topics. Our friend and old S. S. worker, W. C. Duncan, takes a prominent part and will conduct a "Model School" on Thursday afternoon.

SAD CASE OF SUICIDE.—Last week Rev. A. Tripner, pastor of the U. B. Church, Duncannon, Pa., committed suicide at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Everhart, in Manchester borough, York county. He hung himself to one of the rafters on the garret, early in the morning after his wife had left the bed. It is believed that he committed the rash act during a fit of insanity, caused by sickness.

The JOURNAL BOOK STORE has just received a nice lot of goods that are sold not only as cheap but cheaper than can be bought anywhere in Penns or Brush Valleys. Fine Family Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Splendid Paper Boxes, Knitting Cotton, Blank Books, Hymn Books, Java Canvass, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Fine Fans, Velvet Photograph Frames, Chromos, Sunday School Reward Cards, Motto Frames, Mottoes, Games, Paper, Ink, Pens and Pencils in great variety, and many other things that cannot here be stated. CALL AND SEE.

Important to Voters.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privelege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

—The lecture of Rev. Dr. Fowler, in Bellefonte, has been changed from Wednesday evening the 29th, to Friday evening the 31st.

—The left arm of Mr. Jacob Dinges, to which we alluded in our last issue, was amputated on last Monday afternoon by Dr. Neff, assisted by Drs. Musser, VanValzah and Jacobs. Immediately preceeding the operation the physicians examined the limb by introducing a narrow-bladed instrument to the depth of nearly three inches, and were satisfied that amputation was needed. By probing they ascertained that the disease originated at the bone, and circular amputation of the arm, a few inches above the elbow, at once proceeded with. Mr. Dinges' sufferings had been so excruciating that he was anxious the limb should be taken off, and faced the trying ordeal with remarkable coolness and nerve. The patient being put under the influence of chloric ether the operation was gone through with most skillfully and in a remarkably short time with very little loss of blood, the patient seeming almost to be in quiet slumber during the surgical operation, and on regaining conciousness felt less suffering than he had before the limb was taken off; we are pleased to say this has been his condition since, and we trust it may continue and follow with speedy restoration.—*Reporter.*

The shot gun policy is not confined to the south only, as "the proud and lordly Conkling" has good reason to know. Recently a Wisconsin judge also had a taste of it, for meddling with another man's wife. The injured husband lodged five buckshot into the body of the lecherous judge. If the matter had happened in Georgia or Mississippi the stalwart organs would make a wonderful ado over it. Circumstances alter cases.

AARONSBURG CRUMBS.

The much needed rain came at last, on Thursday evening and found many people very grateful for it. Some however, were not yet ready for it, and it is doubtful whether they would be, if it kept off a good while longer. The water has become quite low.

Mr. John Frank has dug a cellar under his house. It will be found to be a useful improvement, I predict.

Services in the Lutheran church on Sunday, were held in the afternoon, so that they might not conflict with Rev. Shoemaker's farewell sermon, which was preached at 11 A. M.

The public schools of our town opened on Monday. The Grammar School is being taught by Mr. Harvey Musser, the Intermediate by Mr. D. H. Rote, and the Primary by Miss Cannie Bright.

Miss Sarah Kline had the bodies of her father and two sisters brought from Madisonburg, and re-interred in the Lutheran cemetery, at this place.

And now Mr. Henry Phillips who is making preparations to go to housekeeping, very soon. Success to him in the new undertaking. X. Y.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Wheat $1.40.

Farmers busy husking corn.

A little rain, but more needed.

That was quite a joke on John "A.," on Sunday morning, when he took another hat instead of his own. Henry "A.," I think you got the better bargain.

Prof. D. M. Wolf will open his school in Grenoble's Hall, next Monday. Judging from present indications it will be well attended. The Prof. is one of the best teachers in the state.

Quite a revival is in progress in the old "Synagogue" church in Georges Valley, as many as 12 mourners in an evening. May it continue until many souls are converted and much good effected. YONEY.

—Rev. T. Apple, D. D., for many years Professor of Astronomy in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., and at present Superintendent of Missions in the Reformed Church, proposes to deliver a scientific lecture on "The Moon and its Wonders," in the Reformed Church at Aaronsburg, Saturday evening, October 25th.

Here will be a chance for a rare treat of something new and intensely interesting. The subject is one concerning which but little is known by the masses. The Doctor's style is pleasant and easily understood, even by children. This is no *moon hoax* but something that will benefit the hearts and minds of all who hear it.

The indications are that there will be a large gathering, therefore secure tickets in season.

Admission 25 cents. Lecture begins at 7 o'clock.

Tickets can be had of Harvey Musser or Thomas J. Mingle. *

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 41-3m.

News Miscellaney.

Of the five hat factories at Adamstown, Berks county, four are now in full operation. They produce about 1,000 finished hats a week.

There was a novel feature in the burial of Miss Mamie Glase, of Oley, Berks county, on last Friday. The pall bearers were all young ladies, intimate friends of the deceased.

A young lady of Philadelphia had her pocket picked of a wallet containing $5. On ascertaining her loss she found that a diamond ring, pronounced to be worth $300 had slipped from the thief's finger during the operation and remained in her pocket.

Chester has the most novel joint stock company yet formed. The thing owned by this company is a dog—said to be the best coon dog in the country. There are fifteen stockholders and the par value of the stock is one dollar. The company will give their first annual coon hunt during the next full moon.

A ten-dollar gold piece was to be awarded at the Mifflin county fair to the prettiest girl in the county, provided a committee of ten young ladies can give a unanimous decision as to who it is.

It is a rare thing to be sunstruck in October, yet that is what happened to Fred. Hamilton, a tank builder, at Tarport, McKean county, last week. His condition was alarming but he will recover.

Chester county, at last has secured a female tax collector. The county treasurer appointed Mrs. James Horton, of Atglen, tax collector of the delinquent taxes of that borough for the year 1879. The appointment was asked for by quite a number of the people of Atglen, as Mrs. Horton is a good business woman and can very readily perform the duties.

UNMAILABLE POSTAL CARDS.—A long standing order of the post office department has required that all postal cards having any portion of the message written on their face should be treated as unmailable. First assistant Postmaster General Tyner has rescinded this order to the extent of holding that such writing shall not render them unmailable per se, nor prevent them being forwarded unless it makes the address illegible.

A 79 year old maid, who was quite ill in Johnstown, told the doctor she had never been hugged by a man in her life, and asked for one kiss. The gallant doctor complied with the request, of course, and she got well. When the doctor got home and told his story to his wife, he got—well, he is balder than he was. This is a true tale.—*Albany Argus.*

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, which a cotemporary calls "pre-eminently the first of the lady's books," is on our table for November, *ahead of all others.* It is astonishing how this favorite continues to improve. The present number leads off with a charming steel engraving, "The Little Haymaker," and is followed by one of those double-size steel fashion plates, superbly colored, only seen in this periodical. Then comes a powerful engraving, "The Oriel Window," illustrating a story, and then some fifty wood cuts of dresses, patterns in embroidery, crochet, &c., &c. A pretty love story, "The Prize at Our Archery Club," brilliantly illustrated, follows, and then tales and novelets by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett, Marietta Holley, Frank Lee Benedict, &c., &c. With this number appears the Prospectus for 1880. A speciality of "Peterson" is a monthly Supplement, given to each subscriber, with a paper pattern for a lady's or child's dress, the patterns alone being worth more than the subscription price. FIVE ORIGINAL NOVELETS will be given in 1880, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank Lee Benedict, &c., &c. A NEW FEATURE will be introduced, in a series of brilliantly illustrated stories, and other articles. The price of "Peterson," remember, is but TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, or less than any other first-class magazine, postage free; to clubs the terms are even lower, viz: two copies for $3.50, with a superb, copyright mezzotint (size 24 inches by 20) "WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE," as premium. Or four copies for $6.50, and an extra copy of the magazine itself as premium. Or five copies for $8.00, with both an extra copy and the "WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE," for premium. For larger clubs the premiums are even more tempting. *Now is the time to get up clubs for 1880.* Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for. *Subscribe to nothing until you have seen a copy of "Peterson."* Address CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. Israel Vonada, Mr. Charles Yearick with Miss Chestie C. Lohr, both of Gregg township.

DIED.

In Mifflinburg on the 16th inst., George Warren, son of John D. Foote, of Millheim, aged 15 years and 10 months.

On the morning of the 15th the subject of the above brief notice was alive and well. He started for the woods, accompanied by a comrade—Harry Doebler—who is a year or two younger, for the purpose of gathering hickory nuts. George ascended a tree to the heighth of some 40 feet, to "Scutch" or "switch," and in a short time Harry, hearing a noise among the branches of the tree, looked up and, to his horror, saw George falling. As he reached the ground, Harry ran to him, called him by name but received no answer. He was very much frightened and started for town to give the alarm. A number of persons among whom were his uncle and Dr. Geo. S. Kemble, hurried to the scene. Dr. K. immediately sent a wagon back to town for a stretcher, upon which he was laid and carried to the late residence of his grandmother, in Mifflinburg, where he was attended by Drs. Kemble & Steans, and all that loving hearts and medical skill could suggest was done, but alas, in vain. At half past six o'clock on the morning of the 16th he quietly passed away. His father had been telegraphed for and arrived at about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 15th, accompanied by his eldest daughter, Mrs. Clark, but George did not recognize either.

His remains were forwarded to the home of his father on the 7.45 train and on the 17th, followed by weeping relatives and friends, were interred in the Millheim Cemetery.

Rev. Whitney conducted the services and preached a very effective sermon from the words "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13:7.

George was a generous and tender hearted boy, and his sudden death has caused much gloom and sadness among his many friends. He will be missed in the house of his father and also in that of his uncle, where he was loved as an own son would be. May good Providence sanctify the early and tragic death of young George Foote to the spiritual good of father, uncle, brothers, sisters and companions. * * *

On the 10th inst., in Gregg township, Mrs. Sarah Zeigler, wife of Daniel Zeigler, Sr., aged 62 years and 28 days.

On the 30th ult., in Joe Davies county, Ill., Lewis Fraser, formerly of Brush Valley, aged 55 years, 1 month and 8 days.

—Prof. Meyer, our County Superintendent, will have a special examination at his office, Bellefonte, Friday, Oct. 31st, for the examination of teachers who are to fill vacancies. Examination begins at 9 o'clock. Applicants must be recommended by at least three directors.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No. 1	1.2[illegible]
Wheat No. 2	1.[illegible]
Corn	40
Rye	50
Oats White	30
Oats, Black	25
Buckwheat	50
Flour	6.00
Bran & Shorts, per cwt	15 00
Salt, per Brl	2.00
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Timothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.00
Butter	16
Hams	12
Sides	6
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	16
Potatoes	25
Lard	
Tallow	
Soap	5
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.25
Stove "	5.50
Chestnut "	5.00
Pea "	3.50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO.,

MAIN STREET.

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

A. Walter, Cashr. David Krape, Pres.

A. HARTER,

AUCTIONEER,

Rebersburg, Pa.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

W. J. STRAYER,

Fashionable Barber,

Opposite Stem's Store,

MILLHEIM, PA.

The patronage of the public respectfully solicited.

ALEXANDER & BOWER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE IN GARMAN'S NEW BUILDING.

JOHN B. LINN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE ON ALLEGHANY STREET.

1879

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER has just received her Fall & Winter Stock of Millinery Goods, consisting of French Bonnets, Round Hats, FRENCH FLOWERS Feathers, Ribbons, and all kinds of Fancy GOODS.

—o—

COME AND See.



Dress Making in all its Branches a Speciality!!

—o—

She invites Her Many Friends and Customers to CALL AT HER Grand Opening, Wednesday, Oct. 29th,

1879.

MARTIN FREE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Window Shades,

OFFICE AND STORE,

956 North Second Street,

FACTORY,

943 St. John Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

First Class Work and Low Prices.

Country Trade Respectfully Solicited.

FOX'S PATENT

Breech-Loading Shot Gun



Barrels slide one side. No hinge to get loose.

A Gun to stand the wear and tear, and not get shaky or out of order. Prices, from $50.00 upwards. Send stamp for Circular to

AMERICAN ARMS CO.

103 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

BOOTS & SHOES

B. FRANK. KISTER,

has just opened a Boot & Shoe Shop,

MAIN STREET,

near Foote's Store,

where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, from men's coarse boots up to ladies cloth top button gaiters, at prices to suit the times. Repairing promptly attended to. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 39-3m

Bush House,

Bellefonte Pa.

GEORGE HOPPES,

Proprietor.

SPECIAL RATES TO FAMILIES, PERMANENT BOARDERS AND PERSONS ATTENDING COURT.

BOTH LANGUAGES SPOKEN AT OUR HOTEL.

DAV. L. BROWN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

TINWARE, STOVEPIPES AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

Would respectfully inform the public that he keeps on hand or makes to order all kinds of TINWARE, STOVE-FIXTURES, FRUIT CANS, etc.

SPOUTING A SPECIALITY.

Fruit cans always on hand. Repairing done at short notice. Having some ten years experience in the business he flatters himself that his work is fully equal to any in this section of the country. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Shop, next door to Journal Book Store, Millheim, Pa.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt.

MILLHEIM, PA.

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN,

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 33-1y

Pennsylvania College,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE first Term of the next Collegiate year will begin

SEPTEMBER 4th, 1879.

The Faculty of the Institution is full. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The location is most pleasant and healthy, in the midst of an intelligent and moral community, and accessible by Railroad trains three times a day.

The Preparatory Department which is under the direct supervision of the Faculty, has been re-organized, and furnishes thorough instruction for boys and young men preparing for Business or College classes. Students in this department are under the special care of officers who reside with them in the building.

For further information or Catalogues, address

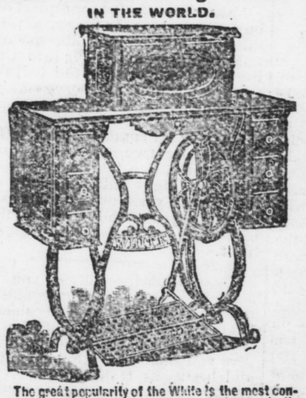
M. VALENTINE, D. D.
President of College, or
PROF. P. M. BIKLE,
Principal of Prep. Dept.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 19, 1879.

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
Unparalleled in Simplicity,
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim
OF BEING THE
VERY BEST OPERATING
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST, AND
Most Perfect Sewing Machine
IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand!

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,

№ 358 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

DR. D H. MINGLE,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Main Street, Millheim, Pa

G. A. STURGIS,

WATCHES,

SILVERWARE,



JEWELRY,

CLOCKS

AND

Musical Instruments.

Repairing done on short notice.

Engraving a speciality,

at the Millheim Jewelry Store, one door east of Eisenhuth's Drug Store, Main Street, MILLHEIM, PENNA.

ELIAS LOSE,

CARPENTER and Builder.

Doors, Shutters Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best possible manner.

Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same.

MILLHEIM, PA.

C. W. STURGIS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET,

LEWISBURG, PA.

First Class Goods, Good, Honest Work and Moderate Prices—is the Combination to be found at Mr. Sturgis'

Establishment. Patronage from Centre Co. respectfully solicited. None but the best workmen employed.

CHEAPER Than Ever!

I have received my Spring & Summer stock of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers.

Look at some of my prices

Men's Calfskin Boots, as low as	$2.50
Men's good every day Shoes as low as	1.00
Men's Carpet Slippers as low as	50 cts.
Ladies' Walking shoes, as low as	1.00
Ladies' Foxed Gaiters	75 cts.
" Leather Slippers	55 "
" Cloth "	30 "
" Gaiters	75 "
Children's Button Shoes	25 cts.

GO TO

KAMP'S

if you want to buy

CHEAP.

Jacob Kamp,

Lock Haven, Pa.



S. D. MUSSER. JAS. C. SMITH

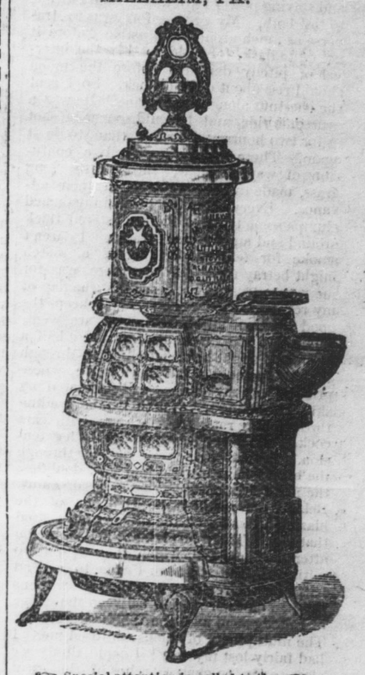
MUSSER & SMITH,

DEALERS IN

Paints and General Hardware.

Corner of Main and Penn Streets,

MILLHEIM, PA.



Special attention is called to the

New Morning Glory Stove

as the finest Base Heater in the market. The public is respectfully invited to call and see this new model stove. Full line of COOK STOVES, IRON, HEAVY and SHELF HARDWARE, PAINTS and OILS. Anything in the line of a first class Hardware store always on hand and sold at the very lowest prices. Call and see before you purchase elsewhere.

Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment,

CAMPHOR MILK,

is now highly recommended and extensively used for Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, Aches, Pains, Sores Stings, Swellings, Sprains, &c. It is of the greatest value in curing Cuts, Galls, Sprains and swellings in horses.

It acts quickly and surely. It at once smoothes and relieves the Stiff Joints, the Lame Muscles and the Aching Nerves. The money will be paid back to any one not satisfied with its effects. Price 25 cts. 5 bottles for $1.

Prepared only by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

The Phœnix Pectoral.

Has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted to old persons, consumptiveness and children. It breaks a cold. It stops a cough. It aids expectoration. It gives instant relief. It gives strength. It brings rest. It has made more cures than any other medicine. Thousands of the citizens of Eastern Pennsylvania have used it for years past and testify to the relief given and cures effected.

Price 25 cents or 5 bottles for $1.

Prepared by Levi Oberholtzer, M. D.

GERMAN HORSE AND COW POWDER.

Keeps stock healthy and in good condition. It aids digestion and assimilation. It makes fat, muscle and milk. By using it a horse will do more work and a cow give more milk and be in better spirits and condition. It also keeps poultry healthy and increase the quantity of eggs. It is made by Dr. Levi Oberholtzer at his mills, backof 133 N. Third Street, Phila. It is sold by actual weight, at 15 cts. per pound, by J.W. SNOOK, Millheim, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 29th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55	p. m.
" "	Harrisburg	4 25	a. m.
" "	Williamsport	8 35	a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore	9 07	a. m.
" "	Lock Haven	9 45	a. m.
" "	Renovo	11 00	a. m.
" arr. at	Erie	7 35	p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	8 30	a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	2 35	p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	3 55	p. m.
" "	Renovo	5 25	p. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 45	a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	3 35	p. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	7 25	p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	8 40	p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	6 40	a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore	7 15	a. m.
" "	Williamsport	7 55	a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	11 45	a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	3 15	p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Renovo	10 05	a. m.
" "	Lock Haven	11 20	a. m.
" "	Williamsport	12 40	p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	4 10	p. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 20	p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 50	p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	10 00	p. m.
" "	Williamsport	11 20	p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 00	a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35	a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 55	a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 40	a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
	1.	3.	5.
Montandon	7 00	2 50	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Millmont	8 10	3 35	
Laureiton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	2.	4.	6.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 35	4 05
Millmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road.

Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.

Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west.

An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.

The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Forbes' Ride.

Mr. Forbes of the London *News*, gives the following account of his ride after the battle of Ulandi, Zululand: "Many men tried to dissuade me; my enterprise was freely characterized as 'madness.' Evelyn Wood was the last man to urge an objection, and when that had no avail, he gave me a telegram for his wife. The night was just falling as I rode up the steep rugged track from the laager into the bush. I was riding a dark chestnut horse whose pluck and staying power I knew well, and I meant to test both. My great effort was to traverse as much ground as possible before it got quite dark, for I did not like the interval of pitchy darkness before the moon should rise about eight o'clock. So I sent the chestnut along at best pace. It was a gruesome ride, and I would sooner be shot at for two hours at a stretch than to do it again. There was no road, only a confusion of wagon tracks, through the long grass, made by our vehicles in their advance. Everywhere the bush, in detached clumps some ten feet high, clustered thick around and among these tracks. I daren't smoke for fear the striking of a match might betray me. All that there was for me was to trust to luck, see that the flap of my revolver case was open, and keep the good horse's head straight. On we went, down into the black gullies, where half a regiment might have lain hidden, through the little patches of tall thorn brake, whose prickles tore my clothes and lacerated my skin, stumbling over fallen trunks, wading through long rank grass, always with ears cocked and every sense on its fullest tension. Several fires were visible, through the bush foliage to right and left, doubtless the night fires of straggling bodies of Zulus. Behind me seethed the Gehenna of the blazing Ulundi and the other kraals fired that day. Their lurid blaze helped me on after darkness fell, which they served to mitigate. But at length I came to a dead halt near the region where the two columns camped on their march, between the ridge of Eutodgeneni and the White Umfaloosi. The multiplicity of tracks confused me. I had fairly lost my way; I could dimly see close to me the charred relics of the great Slipane Kraal, and I knew I must be near a bog, into which, if I strayed, my horse at least would never emerge. There was no recourse but to halt where I was, and wait with what patience I might, for the moon to rise. I dare say she kept her time, but I must say I thought her shockingly slow. At length the great disc showed above the ridge, and illuminated the basin below. After a few casts I hit off the spoor, and in ten minutes more was climbing the open grassy slope that leads up to the standing camp on the Entongeneni. Here the chestnut was done, and right well he had done; but Major Upchor, of the 24th, who was in command, first ordered his men a lot of rum each in honor of the good news I had brought, and then furnished me with a fresh horse, and a party to guide me on the devious way. Steadily I rode on all through the bitter night under the moonlight without adventure, save an occasional missing and recovery of the road. I had an escort for two stages, and then went on alone. I passed within a few miles of the spot where some days later the bodies, pierced with assegai wounds, of poor young Scott Douglass and Corporal Cotter of the Lancers were found. About four in the morning the blinding fog came down, and then it was a case of groping for the track. On the hill above Fort Marshall the fog was so dense that I had to dismount and feel in the grass for the wagon-ruts leading down the steep slope to the fort. Once there, dear old Colonel Collingwood gave me some tea in the gray of the morning, and set me up with a fresh horse. To make a long story short, I rode into Landman's Drift between two and three in the afternoon of the 5th, having ridden about one hundred and ten miles, using six horses. It was not much of a ride for speed—one hundred and ten miles in twenty hours; but look at the delays in losing and finding the road, in getting fresh horses &c. I know that I never halted in any one place more than half an hour, and that I made good speed is evident from the following fact: After I had left Lord Chelmsford changed his mind, and started off Guy Dawnay an hour later, under escort with his formal despatch. I am nearly three stone heavier than Dawnay, and weight tells fearfully on these colony ponies. Yet Dawnay did not reach Landman's Drift till 10 p. m. on the 5th inst. Leaving the Unfaloosi one hour behind me, he did not reach Landman's until seven hours behind me. My riding, it appeared, was not yet over. On the morning of the 6th it occurred to General Marshall, in command at Landman's Drift—Marshall is about the clearest-headed of our chiefs—that some time might elapse before direct communication could be opened up between Wolseley and Chelmsford, and that what I would be able to tell him regarding details might be of service to the former if I were to hurry through with all possible speed to Port Durnford. I wasn't in the best case for another long ride, it was true. In the fight I had a thwack on the leg with a spent bullet. It had not broken the skin, but made a contusion, and the long ride had set up not a little inflamation. But it was not bad enough to let it beat a fellow, and off I set for Landman's Drift about one in the afternoon of the 6th, bent on reaching Pietermaritzburg, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles before stopping, which I did.

Skulls of Murderers.

One of the most curious collections in the great Anthropological Museum in the Paris exhibition of last year was a collection of thirty-six skulls of murderers who have been guillotined in France. This collection has been carefully studied by Dr. Bournier, who has published the result of his studies in the last number of Broca's Revue d'Anthiopologie. The most striking result of his observations is the very large cubic capacity of these crania. In fact, the average volume of the thirty-six skulls, measured with shot by Broca's method, is as much as 1,547,91 cubic centimeters. Eliminating, however, one of the skulls, which is of unusual size (2,676 cubic centimeters) and is obviously abnormal, the average is reduced to 1,531 cubic centimeters. But even this figure is considerably higher than the average of any ordinary series of modern crania. In order to find skulls of equal capacity it is necessary to go back to prehistoric times; thus the capacity of Solutre skulls is 1,515, and that of the type from the cave of L'Homme Mort is 1,906.5 cubic centimeters. The development of the murderer's skull is not in the frontal but in the parieto-occipital region, and it appears to indicate a low intellectual standard, with a strong tendency to powerful action. Most of the cerebral characteristics presented by the skulls of these criminals are comparable with those of prehistoric races. A murderer may be regarded as an anachronism, and his character may be explained on the principal of atavism, or reversion to an early type. If a prehistoric savage could be introduced into modern society he would probably become a notorious criminal; on the other hand, if one of the brutal murderers of modern times had lived in prehistoric ages he might have been a chief of his tribe, highly respected.

Passion gets less and less power after each defeat.

AGRICULTURE.

Syrup from Sweet Corn.—The common sweet-corn contains so large an amount of sweet saccharine matter that it has often been suggested as a practicable sugar plant. I do not know that its syrup is granulated; but a gentleman with whom I conversed a few weeks ago, assured me that he had succeeded in making syrup in such an amount, that he is satisfied that he could make 150 gallons per acre. This was from corn growing for selling in its green state, and a very profitable crop of ears was sold to the factories for canning. The next year the factories reduced the price paid for green corn so low, that my friend concluded not to grow any, and his project for combining the growing of the green corn and the making of syrup had to be given up. But wherever there is a market for green corn in the ear, he believes that such an interprise rightly managed, must prove successful. If a cheap syrup can be thus made, even if not of the highest quality, it will prove very valuable for many purposes. Farm stock of all kinds are fond of sweets, and sugar or syrups form an important part of most condiments. All sweets are very fattening, and we may, in the near future, be dosing domestic animals with syrups to induce them to eat more and fatten faster. It will be interesting to note whether, under this new diet, horses, sheep, cows and pigs will have dyspepsia and suffer, as their betters do, from the effects of too high living. A year or two ago, a correspondent related an experience wherein he had for a time entirely suspended the virility of a bull by feeding him molasses and hay, which he ate greedily, and which fattened him very rapidly.

Feed Young Animals Well.—The man who wears out a calf's teeth in the effort to make it shrink for itself never raised a prime steer nor a good cow. Every dollar supposed to be thus saved in the young animal must be replaced later by the expenditure of two. The man who feeds best while the animal is young makes the most money. This is generally recognized as true by our best farmers, and hence the improvement in stock and consequent cheapening in the raising of animals within the last ten years. The same rule will apply to all farm stock. If stinted while young they never pay the breeder and feeder a living profit. Hence the reason why those who do not keep pace with the times are always complaining that there is no money in stock. The big prices paid by the best stock feeders are for animals that have had their digestive organs kept intact by early and properly nutritious food. The value of a food animal lies in its aptitude to lay on flesh, and those who keep steadily growing from birth will continue this growth and increase in profitable weight. To do this in the most economical manner the digestive organs must be originally strong and unimpaired by abuse.

Balky Horses.—A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses; Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go. Generally he will obey. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus, continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and, after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

As a general thing it is cheaper and more convenient to get seeds of the regular seedsmen than to save them. But if any are saved, let them always be of the earliest, fairest and best specimens.

It is stated that Indian corn charred into charcoal will make a valuable condiment for poultry. It will put the hens in good health, and cause a general toning up of the system that will be seen in more and better eggs.

The manure of cows and pigs resists decomposition for a longer period than that of the sheep and horse, both the latter being drier than the former, and decomposing more readily in the soil.

Wood ashes make an excellent fertilizer for pear trees. Mixed coal and wood ashes may also be applied with advantage. Ground bones are better for fruit trees of all kinds than fermenting manure.

Lime for Chickens.—When your hens have the run in summer they will find considerable lime; but it is just as well to have it near the hen house.

Camel Breeding in Texas.

A Texas camel breeder, speaking of the rearing of the "ship of the desert," says they are no more trouble to raise than horses or cattle. The colts for the first three or four days are rather tender, and require close attention, but after that they take their chances with the herd. They feed on cactus and brushes chewing all grasses that cattle and horses eat if the favorite cactus can be had. The females, with proper care, give a colt every year, and the price at which they are sold, the ease with which they are raised, their extreme docility, and the adaptability of our climate to their nature, would seem to indicate that camel raising is a profitable business in Texas. Mr. Lantear says there is one camel in the herd that has traveled 150 miles between sun and sun, and that almost any well-broken camel is good for more than 100 miles in a day.

Subduing and Avoiding Fever and Ague.

Of all chronic diseases, fever and ague is perhaps the least conquerable by the ordinary resources of medicine. There is, however, a remedy which completely roots it out of the system in any and all of its various phases. This celebrated anti-periodic is vegetable in composition, and is not only efficacious, but perfectly safe, a thing that cannot be predicated with truth of quinine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, besides, a most efficient means of defense against malaria, as it endows the physique with an amount of stamina which enables it to encounter miasmatic influences without prejudice to health. Persons about to visit, or living in foreign countries, or portions of our own where intermittent or remittent fevers prevail, should not omit to lay in a sufficient supply of the great Preventive, both to avert such diseases and disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver common to such localities.

DOMESTIC.

Flowers as a Disinfectant.—Vick's "Illustrated Floral Magazine" gives the results of some experiments of an amateur chemist who has been investigating the effects of vegetable perfumes on the atmosphere. He finds that they exercise a positively beneficial influence, by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerfully oxydizing, and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot, several of which are ingredients in the refreshing eau de Cologne. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, narcissus and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, heliotrope and lily of the valley also develop ozone; in fact all flowers possessing a perfume appear to do so, whereas those having none do not. This interesting intelligence will be gratifying to all, especially to lovers of flowers, and the cultivation of those lovely disinfectants of nature should be promoted in all marshy or foul places.

Washing Flannels.—A lady correspondent writes as follows: I will give you a little of my experience in washing flannels. I was taught to wash them in hot water, but it is a great mistake. In Italy my flannels were a wonder to me; they always came home from the wash so soft and white. I learned that the Italian women washed them in cold water. Many a time I have watched them kneeling in a box which had one end taken out to keep them out of the mud, by the bank of a stream, washing in the running water, and drying on the bank or gravel, without boiling; and I never had washing done better, and flannels never half so well. I tried it since, and find the secret of nice soft flannels to be the washing of them in cold or lukewarm water and plenty of stretching before hanging out.

Corn-Cakes.—Measure one and a half cups of meal and one and a half cups of flour. When making it for yourselves, if you like less meal use two cups of flour and one of meal; if more, use two cups of meal and one of flour; always three cups; add a scant salt-spoon of salt and a round or heaping teaspoonful of cream-tartar; put a scant teaspoon of soda into a cup, add a little milk to free the saleratus from lumps and dissolve it. Break two eggs separately into a cup, add to meal, stir until thoroughly mixed; now add the soda, stir again; now a cupful of milk, and the batter is ready for the pans; heat the irons on the top of the stove, pour on the batter and they are ready for the oven.

Rich Seed Cake.—Take one pound and a quarter of flour, well dried, one pound of butter, one pound of loaf sugar, beat and sifted, eight eggs, and two ounces of carraway seed, one grated nutmeg, and its weight in cinnamon. Beat the butter into a cream, put in the sugar, beat the whites of two eggs and the yolks separately, then mix them with the butter and sugar. Beat in the flour, spices, and seed, a little before sending it away. Bake it two hours in a quick oven.

Nervousness and indigestion. These sad afflictions so destructive both to business and pleasure, arise from a morbid condition of the body, which is relieved by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills. Try them, they will do you good

Florida "Brunswick Stew."—Two slices of middling, chopped fine; put in water and start to boil; add two squirrels, two onions, boil well and strain; add two squashes, sliced fine, four pods okra, one handful of butter beans, two Irish potatoes, one half pint tomatoes, three ears of tender corn; salt and pepper to taste; thicken with grated cracker or bread crumbs, while boiling; last of all, add one tablespoonful of butter.

Royal Cream.—One quart of milk, one-third of a box of gelatine, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs, vanilla. Put the gelatine into the milk, and let it stand half an hour. Beat the yolks well with the sugar, and stir into the milk. Set the kettle into a pan of hot water, and stir until it begins to thicken like soft custard.

Jelly-Roll Cake.—Take four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-fourth teaspoon of salt; beat the eggs and sugar together until very light, then add the flour; beat for five minutes, then bake in a bread-pan in a hot oven; when done spread the jelly and roll while warm; do not cut until cold.

Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co. Philadelphia, Pa.) being perfectly pure requires less than common soap. Hence its economy is apparent. Ask your grocer to get it.

Buttermilk Pancakes.—One quarter of a pound of rice flour, one small teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda, made into a light batter, with buttermilk; must be put in the pan at once, with very little butter or lard, and fried as pancakes.

Farm Gebes.—Boil one quart of fresh buttermilk, beat one egg, a pinch of salt, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour together, and pour into the boiling milk; stir briskly and boil for two or three minutes, and serve while warm with sugar.

Graham Muffins.—To make Graham muffins use two eggs, one quart of sweet milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, a light salt, one-half cup of home-made yeast or two tablespoons of brewer's yeast, and Graham flour to make a thick batter; bake as soon as light.

Beautifiers.—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

Soft Molasses Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, a spoonful of saleratus, one of ginger, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, using a pinch of salt with lard; stir and add cup of boiling water and pint of flour, making a thin batter. Bake one inch deep in a sheet.

Potato Fritters.—Grate six cold boiled potatoes, add to them one pint of cream or new milk, add flour enough to make as stiff a batter as for other fritters, the yolk of three eggs, then the beaten whites, salt, and fry in sweet butter.

Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaint, Costiveness, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a remedy mild and certain in action, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure. Sold everywhere.

HUMOROUS.

Explicit Enough.—The following "rules" are posted up in a store in town, and are certainly explicit enough for all practical purposes:

"The proprietor is not in; don't know when he will be.

"We have no money to lend, but borrow all we can.

"The person who repeats anything from 'Pinafore' will be bounced.

"Don't want any suspenders; got a loft full up stairs.

"Don't want any lead pencils; buy them by the ton.

"No shoe blacking required; we wear patent leathers.

"Coffins provined for book agents and canvassers.

"Bulldog's in the cellar; feed him on peddlers.

"Office hours for tramps from 11 P. M., to 5 A. M.

"All beggers are bounced.

"Bouncer goes by steam."

Among a party who were visiting the beautiful country estate of a Boston business man, recently, was a gentleman considerably interested in ornithology. As they passed through the grounds he accosted a laborer, and asked, "Has Mr. B—— any macaws on the place now?" Resting from his labor, the son of Erin replied, "McCaws, is it? Begerra, I don't remember any of that name, but there is the two McGinnesses at woork forninst the barn."

The Rev. A. A. Willits, D. D., of Philadelphia, is as good a shot as he is a preacher. A Quaker who met him as he returned from the field, with his game bag well filled, said to him in an admonitory tone: "Friend Willits, it seems to me that a bird has a right to live until its time has come to die." The Doctor replied; "Friend, you and I agree perfectly, tor I find that generally when I get my gun trained on a bird his time to die has come."

He was a venerable and agricultural looking man, attired in the lastest New Jersey fashion, and he stood on a street corner near Washington market. Holding his left hand, and gazing reflectively upon three pieces of string tied round an equal number of fingers, he soliloquized: "That's to remind me—get a spool of cotton; t'other means, don't forget the calico. But, what in thunder's this one for? Ah, by gum! that's don't get drunk again,"

Worthless stuff!—Not so fast my friend; if you could see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Glorious and invaluable remedy." See another column.

A gentleman complained to old Banister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which, as he meant to sell him, would be a great drawback. "Then," said Charles, "you must sell him wholesale."—"Wholesale!" says the other; how so?" "Because you cannot *retail* him."

A one-armed tramp masticated custard pie and other delicacies of the season, belonging to one of our good families the other day. After he got thoroughly filled he let loose the other arm and passed down the road swinging it in delightful unison with its mate.

Several notably happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a picnic.

"Whither art thou going?" asked the tree of the leaf. "I am going to wither," was the reply. When we asked a friend's opinion of the above he told us to "dry up."

"The mills of the gods grind slowly." This is all because the hands are paid by the day. Will the gods never learn that it is to their interest to let out their work by contract?

Several boys weeding onions in Southport were prostrated by a stroke of lightning. Boys whose fathers own onion beds should cut this out and paste it in their father's hats.

If a man wants to get up a good dinner let him go out on the ocean in a row boat, some afternoon, when the water is rough.

A pretty picture is a healthy looking and well cared for Baby. By the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup you can keep the health of your Baby in splendid condition. Price 25 cents a bottle.

A Saw for the times: "No man should live beyond the means of his creditors."

Everything will turn when tread upon, even the treadle. It turns the grindstone.

The removal of the duty on quinine ought to diminish the number of Shakers.

The cardamoms of incredulity will effectually stifle the breath of slander.

You cannot tell the character of a soda-water seller by looking at his phiz.

A man can not help being contented with his lot when he's buried in it.

"A good workman is known by his chips"—and so is a good poker player.

Always some hitch about it—a harness.

Indian Depredation.

The fair reader shudders when she thinks of the settler's wife watching, from the door of her rude hut, the retreating form of her husband going out to his daily labor—going out perhaps to return not again, for before nightfall a savage hand may have laid him low among the prairie grasses. Or it may be a child, a bright-eyed daughter, is snatched away in an unguarded moment, to grace the next war dance. When we read the heartrending details of these savage depredations, we are apt to blame the government for not taking more strict precautions to insure the settler's protection. But we daily read of the depredations of that archfiend, consumption, with scarcely a thought of the terrible inroads it is making in human life. Tens of thousands of homes are annually desolated by consumption to one by Indian outrage. Like the Indian, consumption oftenest comes stealthily, and no danger is apprehended until the victim suddenly finds himself hopelessly ensnared, and death's fatal arrow ends the scene. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a powerful alterative, or blood-purifier, and tonic, has restored thousands of consumptives who had tried every other remedy recommended to them, without obtaining any relief, and are willing to testify to its remedial powers.

From the Chase County "Leader."

Cottonwood, Chase Co., Kansas.

"Anakesis" is the name of a Pile Remed introduced in this section of the State upo the recommendation of those who have trie it, by W. W. Jones. William Barton says h tried every remedy recommended, but "Anakesis" was the only one that effected a permanent cure.

Samples of "Anakesis" are sent free to al sufferers on appli ation to "Anakesis" Depot, Box 3946, New York. Also sold by druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per box.

The Widower's Story.

He walked into the Health Office and said he wanted a burial permit. Asked for the physician's certificate, he said he didn't have any; but it was all right—she was dead.

The jauntiness and cheerfulness of the applicant striking the clerk as somewhat peculiar in connection with the solemnity of the errand, he questioned further and asked the name of the deceased.

"Her name? Oh! why it's Dorothy Ann Bugsby—my wife, you know. Yes," continued Mr. Bugsby, with unabated cheerfulness, "she's gone at last, and it makes me feel awful bad when I think of it, seems as if I'd lost a friend. Why, I hain't felt so since I lost my dog last summer—shot, you know, by the police—but, as Mrs. Bugsby always said, I ain't easy knocked over, and consequence after I'd buried him—the dog, you know—and shed a tear or two, I braced right up again. No use givin' up, you know, and so when I get the old woman buried, I shall go right along as though nothing had happened. It's kind o' sorrowful to think of, though, and I wish the job was over. But she shall have a good send-off, if I have to go without a spring suit to do it—that's the kind of a hairpin I am; nothing mean about me. You ought to see the coffin; nice black one, with silver-plated handles and a plate with her full name and address on it—I mean her age; and the nails! it's full of them. Bossed the job myself; told the carpenter I wanted it right, regardless of expense—within limits you know, within limits. Ah!" reflected the widower, with something like a sigh, "she was a remarkable woman, one in ten thousand. So observing; took so much interest in my welfare; always had something to say when I came home late at night. Seems as though I can hear her now, as I used to when I was coming in quietly so's not to disturb anybody. But it never was any use, I don't remember now of ever getting in once—specially late at night—that she didn't hear me. Some women would a been sulky like, then, and never said nothing. But that wasn't her. 'Here you are, drunk again, you old beast!' she'd say. Very outspoken was Dorothy, and I must say she was purty clear headed and generally got things about right. She'd a remarkable keen sense of humor, too, had Dorothy, and I remember I nearly laughed myself to death one night at something she said when I came in. I disremember just what it was, but I know she got awful mad at my laughin', and said I was a long, gangling old fool—I *am* a little lengthy in the legs, you know. But I never minded her; I knew she meant well, though she was a little queer sometimes in her way of caryin' out her meanin'. Dear! dear! well it can't be helped; but I wouldn't have it happen for $25.

"No?" said the clerk much affected.

"Fact. Well, if you won't give the permit without a certificate, I guess I'll mosey around and get one, for she won't keep much longer. I don't see much use in it, though, for she's dead as a herrin'."

And wiping the perspiration from his brow and remarking that it was warm today but looked like rain, he departed to procure the necessary certificate.

Hieskell's Tetter Ointment will cure Sore Eyelids, Sore Nose, Barber's Itch on the face, or Grocer's Itch on the hands. It never fails. 50 cents per box, sent by mail for 60 cents.
Johnston, Holloway & Co.,
602 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

What *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* says: "A good piano at a fair price is one of the wants of the times. An instrument that is durable, that is substantially made, and has all those qualities of tone which make a first-class piano can be had from the Mendelssohn Piano Co., 21 East Fifteenth Street, New York, from $140 to $400. For over thirty-seven years their factory has been producing pianos, and adopting every new invention which has proved itself to be valuable. They can be compared by an expert with the instruments of the highest name and fancy price, and the result is surprisingly satisfactory. The Piano is warranted for five years, and no purchaser has ever made a complaint. From personal knowledge and critical examination we can recommend any one to send for a catalogue to the above mentioned manufacturers."

The Mendelssohn Piano Company's Organs are eminently the people's organs, and are worthy of the enviable reputation they so certainly enjoy. We cordially recommend them to the confidence and patronage of the public; and if our readers cannot find them for sale in the town where they live, or its vicinity, we advise them to communicate with the Company, at its headquarters in New York, and look over their circular and price list.—*The Independent.*

If you are Nervous and Depressed take Hoofland's German Bitters.

To whom it may concern. We are not in the habit of puffing, but since we came across the Right Bower of cigarettes, the Lone Jack, we are constrained to deviate and find ourselves continually puffing. We would say to our readers that the Lone Jack cigarettes are considered by old puffers to be by far the most superior article extant, and if you will give Lone Jack cigarettes a trial we feel puffed up to say you will be a first-class puffer, and our efforts will not end in smoke.

Hieskell's Tetter Ointment will cure all scabby or scaly diseases of the skin.

Oakland Female Institute,
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Remember also THE VOICE OF WORSHIP, ($9.00 per dozen), recently advertised; Johnson's **New Method for Singing Classes**, an excellent book. ($6 00 per dozen). Send for Specimens. Catalogues, or Circulars.

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Just out. **THE VOICE AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT**, by C. H. S. Davis, M. D. (37c.) An invaluable treatise on the construction and management of the Vocal Organs. With plates.

Just out. The last number of THE MUSICAL RECORD. Send 6 cents for one number, $2.00 for the year. "Wouldn't be without it for five times the price."

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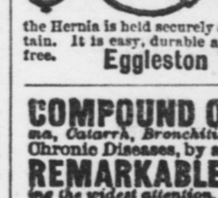
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THEY CURE
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$1000 IN GOLD.
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Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
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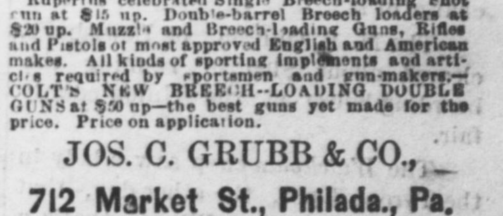
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